And for a need change ſhapes with *Protheus*,
And ſet the aſpiring *Catalin* to ſchoole.
Can I do this, and cannot get the Crowne?
Tuſh, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter King Lewis, and the Lady Bona, Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, with others.

Lewis. Welcome Queene *Margaret*, to the Court of France,
It fits not *Lewis* to ſit while thou doſt ſtand,
Sit by my ſide, and heere I vow to thee,
Thou ſhalt haue aide to repoſſeſſe thy right,
and beate proud Edward from his vſurped ſeate,
and place King *Henry* in his former rule.

Queen. I humbly thanke your royall Maieſty,
And pray the God of heauen to bleſſe thy ſtate,
Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. How now, who is this?

Queen. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* cheefeſt friend.

Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to *France*?

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of England,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindneſſe and vnfained loue,
Firſt to do greetings to thy royall perſon,
And then to craue a league of amity,
And laſtly to confirme that amity
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire ſiſter,
To Englands King in lawfull marriage.

Qu. And if this go forward, all our hope is done.

War. And gracious Madame, in our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kiſſe your hand, and with my tongue,
To tell the paſſions of my Soueraignes heart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plac'd thy glorious image and thy vertues.

Queene.

Queene. King *Lewis* and
Before you anſwere Warw
For he it is hath done vs all
War. Iniurious *Margare*
Prince Edw. And why no
War. Becauſe thy father
And thou no more art Prin
Ox. Then *Warwicke* diſa
That did ſubdue the greate
And after *Iohn of Gaunt*, wi
Whoſe wiſedome was a mi
and after this wiſe Prince *H*
Who with his proweſſe co
From theſe our *Henry* is line
War. Oxford, how haps th
You told not how *Henry* the
All that *Henry* the fift had g
Methinkes theſe Peeres of *F*
But for the reſt, you tell a pe
Of threeſcore and two yeare
To make preſcription for a k
Oxf. Why Warwicke, ca
Whom thou obeyedſt thirty
and bewray thy treaſons wit
War. Can Oxford that did
Now buckler falſhood with
For ſhame leaue *Henry*, and ca
Oxf. Call him my king, by
Brother the Lord *Awbray Ver*
And more then ſo, my father e
Downefall of his mellowed y
When age did call him to the
No *Warwicke*, no, whil'ſt life v
This arme vpholds the houſe
War. And I the houſe of *Yo*
K. Lewis. Queene Margare
Oxford, vouchſafe to forbeare

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